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1 to 3 P. M.  
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Hon. Geo. Earle, late Asst. Post Gen'l.  
may 13-14

## Russian Costumes.

All the guests at the Christmas festival are dressed in their holiday clothes, but the caprices of fashion are banished from their garments as much as from their social pleasures. The costume of the old-fashioned Russians is not more distinguished for its richness than for its antiquity. In the provincial districts the son dresses as his father and as his father's father did before him; and even female taste and vanity venture not to introduce an innovation in the costume which ages have consecrated. A large beaver cap, a pelisse of sable or fox skin, a richly-embroidered kaftan buttoned up the front with silver buttons and a girdle of rich Persian silk, or of a red kind of woollen stuff called kumatch, is the uniform of each wealthy male guest. The married women wear the kokochnik, a kind of head-dress made of scarlet silk, embroidered with colored silks or pearls and trimmed with lace, from which is suspended a white tulle, or short veil.

Their dress, called saraphan, resembles in shape a clergyman's gown, and is made of rich gold or silver brocade, buttoned up the front with a single row of buttons; the sleeves, which are very long and wide, are of white muslin, and a stiff mulina ruff encircles the throat. A woollen cloak trimmed with sable, richly embroidered mittens, and delicate slippers with high heels, complete the costume. Their trinkets consist of gold chains, necklaces, and bracelets of pearls and precious stones, and earrings of the same. These last mentioned objects form the most important items in the dowry of rich maidens, and the greater their antiquity, the oftener they have descended from mother to daughter in the same family, the higher they are valued. The "fair maidens" wear the saraphan and the ruff like the married women, but the rich dresses of their own hair, wound round with a rose-colored ribbon, constitute the only head-dress allowed to them.—Belgravia.

Middletown's latest slang.—"Woods fall off 'em."

## Select Poetry.

### The Last Leaf.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.  
The say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."  
The money martlets rest  
On the lips he has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grand-mamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead—  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.  
But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring—  
Let them smile as I do now  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

## Popular Miscellany.

### The Bear Chase.

FROM THE FRENCH.

One evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy, (1745,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Matona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache; "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel!" Monsieur d'Argente, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraved on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—*Thou shalt do no murder.*"

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem much incensed; has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?"

"Towards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equaled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct to a braggadochio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a ploy. To our subject, sir, I maintained that your friend is a coward, and you—"

"And I—!" repeated D'Argente, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair," said he to Monsieur d'Argente, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added—"Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders."

"In that case, after you, if necessary," said D'Argente, with his usual calmness.

"By my honor you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer, who young as he was wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen hasten." "Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir." "Monsieur d'Argente just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of others, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir," we are not here to listen to a sermon. "Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence; I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-wood. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him—I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?" "Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle."

"What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory, such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

While the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villitron, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favor, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villitron refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of *bravoure* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

"I have business of thee, my master," said he cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monseigneur," replied the parer, who was deeply attached to his young lord; "you know the old hunter is yours to the last drop of his blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights then?" asked Villitron, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

"Five in all—a complete *menagerie*—father, mother, and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, parer, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen; there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Mauro, for instance."

"Hum!" said the parer, scratching his ear; "it would better please me to have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because to guard this post, a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths—the bears and the precipice."

"I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons."

"I am sure of that. But, with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself."

"You are sure then, that the bears will pass that way?"

"Sure—yes; but quite sure—no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one."

"It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready."

"Very well, very well," murmured the parer as he retired; "I shall have my eye on him."

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour—who, despite the delicate attention of the host, persevered a cold reserve—were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saccapans, drums, etc. were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the parer at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carbines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the parer, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the frowning waters of a cascade fell from some hundreds of feet through a chert which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the pile of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the parer, had ever been posted at the bridge of Mauro, without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the parer was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice; he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made him aim unsteadily, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonists.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the parer rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be released, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle at the cascade. These arrangements being made, the parer and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us; let your aim be true, or else—"

"Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villitron, without seeming to notice the early response, "he approaches."

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out look out, Villitron!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would faint struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered

a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is on you!" cried the parer, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned around; it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled in the death struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The hues of the hardy old parer shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid polences, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; "these are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, parer, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beast—"one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villitron cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the feast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argente, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming—"To the sole vanquisher of the day—to our public host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villitron is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argente.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the parer, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

## Curiosities of Journalism.

HOW THEY READ NEWSPAPERS.

Uncle Ned first hunts up a funny thing then laughs with a will.

Aunt Sue first reads the stories, then turns to the marriages, births and deaths.

The laborer looks only at the "wants," hoping to find a better opening in his business.

Miss Flora seeks out the new advertisements to ascertain the newest importations in bonnets and kids.

Mr. Pleasure Seeker turns to the amusement column and decides which entertainment will afford him the greatest enjoyment.

Miss Prim drops a tear—first over the marriages, then over the deaths, for, says she, "one is as bad as the other."

Mr. Politician commences with the editorial, then scans the telegraph, ending his perusal with the speeches quoted.

Mr. Professor slowly examines the editorial, its rhetoric, syntax, and logic, then glances at the correspondence, finally returns to his Latin, and quickly forgets what he has read.

Mr. Marvelous looks for the accidents, murders, inquests and deaths, reads the court record, and ends with the stories in search of something sensational.

But why extend the list? Each individual reads for himself, and if each does not find a column or more to his particular taste, the paper is insipid, the editor lazy and deserving of censure.

MEN ARE ALL DECEITFUL.—Human nature is very deceitful. We all humbug other people as much as we can, and then end by seeking to humbug ourselves. We all do that, at times, which we know to be wrong, and yet we argue most ingeniously to convince the public and ourselves that it is right. We play a false part in fact, from the time we begin to reason until death ends all our reasoning; and even in death, how many act out, with consummate hypocrisy, their assumed character, instead of their real one! You never knew a man's temper," said Lord Byron, "until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him." He is always enacting the lamb, whether he be a fox or a lion. It is not very flattering to think so of human nature; but it is true—to be true to be pooh-poohed out of a sad reality.

A popular parlor magazine—a kerosene lamp. They furnish reading matter for the million.

A fast day does not pass away more rapidly than any other.

## The Stone-Cutter's Six Wishes.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a kimono of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel heard it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said an angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon the thick matting, and wrapped himself in a kimono of soft silk. It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich," murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go with an escort, and my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not an emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an escort before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with its ardent beams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with its brightness, fatigued the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun?"

"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up, down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth, and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him. It held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun, "in a cloud capable of resisting my power; it would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself lightly between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with a shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain and pouring showers and waterspouts to fall on the land, so that the torrents burst their banks, and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the howling waters beat it in their fury—the rock yielded not, but the frowning waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud, "I would rather be in its place."

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves. But he distinguished at his foot a man of poor appearance; hardly clothed, armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man with the help of rock, dressed them into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my base? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man!"

"Have your will!" said the angel; and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much and gained little, but he had learned contentment with his lot.—*Japanese Fables.*

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.—I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the dead had men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor surrender the razor to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left side of a plum-pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed and call Dame Fortune blind; but it is the best evidence that the old lady has most capital eyesight, and is no grumpy with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

## A Buddhist Legend.

In the village of Sarvathi there lived a young wife named Keesah, who at the age of fourteen gave birth to a son; and she loved him with all the love and joy of the possessor of a newly found treasure, for his face was like a golden lotus, his eyes fair and tender as a blue lotus, and his smile bright and beaming like the morning light upon the dewy flowers. But when the boy was able to walk, and could run about the house, there came a day when he suddenly fell sick and died. And Keesah, not understanding what had happened to her fair, lotus-eyed boy, clasped him to her bosom, and went about the village from house to house, praying and weeping, and beseeching the good people to give her some medicine to cure her baby. But the villagers and neighbors,